

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THE

Children in the THood;

UR, THE

NORFULK GENTLEMAN'S

FAST

WILL AND TESTAMENT

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PRINT ED FOR I. HAMRIS, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1816.





Frontispiece!



THE

Children in the Wood:

OR, THE

NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S

LAST

WILL AND TESTAMENT.

WITH

TWELVE COPPER-PLATES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1818.

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PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS.

E. Hemsted, Printer, Great New Street, Gough Square.

BARRE

ADVERTISEMENT.

In introducing to the notice of the young of both sexes another edition of that admirable and ancient production, the Story of the CHILDREN in the Wood, no apology need be made by the Publisher. As a Caterer for their amusement and instruction, he has endeavoured to cull the choicest dainties upon all occasions; Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,

And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,

Not passing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,

And made in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,

As plainly doth appear,

When he to perfect age should come,

Three hundred pounds a year;



Now Brother said the Dying Man!"

And to his little daughter Jane or Five hundred pounds in gold, had To be paid down on marriage-day, book Which might not be control'd; W. But if the children chance to die milk. Ere they to age should come, do Their uncle should possess their wealth, For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man, and Look to my children dear, and a least of the Be good unto my boy and girl, and a least of the No friend else I have here: a bob To God and you I do commend dilly My children night and day; and But little while, be sure, we have Within this world to stay.

You must be father, mother, both, And uncle, all in one;

God knows what will become of them When I am dead and gone.

With that bespake their mother dear: O brother kind, quoth she,

You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery:

And if you keep them carefully,

Then God will you reward;

If otherwise you seem to deal,

God will your deeds regard.

With lips as cold as any stone,

She kiss'd her children small:

God bless you both, my children dear!

With that the tears did fall.



c Children hom he takes





And much of them he makes

These speeches then their brother spoke,
To this sick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,

Their parents being dead and gone
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise

To make them both away.

When you are laid in grave!

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.

And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife and all he had,

He did the children send

To be brought up in fair London,

With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes, Rejoicing at that tide,

Rejoicing with a merry mind mind hard

They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattled pleasantly,

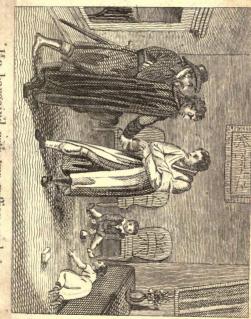
As they rode on the way,

To those that should their butchers be, And work their lives' decay.



They should on cock horse ride





He bar





did fight mothe



Did slay the other quite"

So that the pretty speech they had Made murd'rers' hearts relent:

And they that undertook the deed but Full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did yow to do his charge,

Because the wretch that hired him Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto, of I So here they fell at strife;

With one another they did fight and affect About the children's life:

And he that was of mildest mood of Did slay the other there, within an unfrequented wood;

While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread

Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;

But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd;

And when they saw the darksome night,

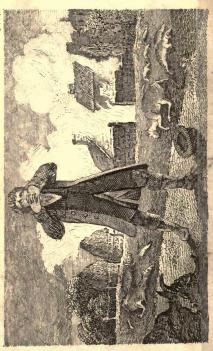
They sat them down and cried.



These pretty babes with hand in hand







His basns were fird.1







